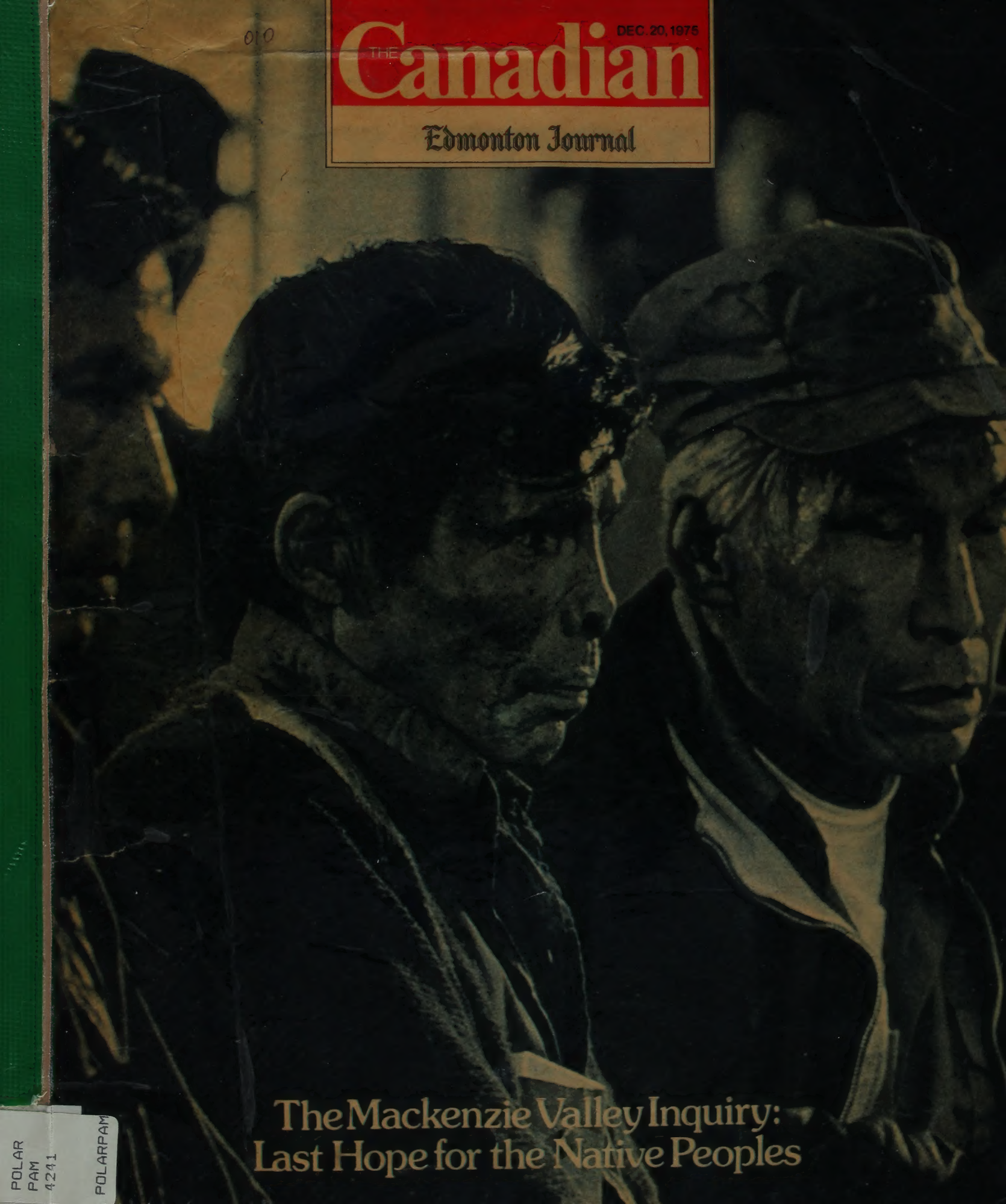


010

THE **Canadian**

DEC. 20, 1975

Edmonton Journal



The Mackenzie Valley Inquiry:
Last Hope for the Native Peoples

POLAR
PAM
4241

POLARPAM

ANOTHER PLUS FROM PLUS

Introducing Plus Menthol

Here it is. Plus Menthol.
120mm of smooth smoking coolness.
Plus, a menthol taste that's right
for those with a taste for menthol.
And of course, Plus Menthol is the same price
as ordinary King Size menthol.
Another Plus in your favour.

THE Canadian

Canada's largest-circulation magazine

Appearing in the Vancouver Province, Edmonton Journal, Calgary Herald, Medicine Hat News, Saskatoon Star-Phoenix, Regina Leader-Post, Winnipeg Tribune, London Free Press, North Bay Nugget, Hamilton Spectator, Toronto Star, Ottawa Citizen, Montreal Gazette.

Contents

Page 6 **The Patience of Judge Tom Berger**

... is all that stands between the native peoples and the destruction of their way of life. By Hugh McCullum

Page 12 **Closely Watched Trains**

Photography by Mike Dobel

Page 16 **Morning Becomes Who?**

Why you feel good or bad when the alarm goes off. By James Quig

Page 18 **The Possible Dream**

With players like Bill Robinson we could actually win a medal in — believe it or not — basketball.

By Roy MacGregor

Page 22 **The Twelfth Hour of Christmas**

How to avoid a half-baked holiday.

By Helen Gougeon

Departments

Page 11 **You Asked Us**

Page 21 **Doug Wright's Family**

This Week

Editor
Don Obe

Managing Editor
Alan Walker

Art Director
James Ireland

Associate Editors
Tom Alderman
Gerald Anglin
David Cobb
Roy MacGregor
Earl McRae

Contributing Editors
Jehane Benoit
Alan Edmonds
Helen Gougeon
Paul Grescoe
Betty Lee

President and Publisher E.J. Mannion
Controller Geo. Floyd
Assistant to the Publisher Anthony Kennedy
Executive Assistant Joan Dick

Chief Copy Editor
Frances MacDonald

Copy Editors
Prue Hemelrijk
Patricia Holtz
Meriel Slater

Assistant Art Director
Imants Abolins

Designers
Mary Ann Jackson
Gordon Sibley

Staff Photographer
Ken Elliott

Photo Coordinator
Lee King

Editorial Assistant
Jocelyn Hillman

Published by Southstar Publishers Ltd., 401 Bay St., Suite 1100, Toronto, Ont. M5H 2Y8, 416-363-7151.

Advertising Representatives: MagnaMedia Limited, Toronto address as above. 416-363-4152. Also 231 St. James St., Montreal, Que. H2Y 1M6, 514-282-2123. Second-Class mail registration number 1321.

Betty Lee

Anne Murray and Canadian expectations

Showbiz people I know and respect say that Canada never really fell in love with Anne Murray (the implication being that it was merely a crush at the time *Snowbird* was flying), but I don't agree with them.

There has been a love affair, all right. It might not have been as widespread or as torrid as the publicity bushwackers would have had us believe and it might not always have been reciprocated. But I know there has been an affair because there is evidence that it is waning. You always know there is a waning love affair around when those involved begin to thump their breasts and wonder why.

Personally, I have never been smitten with Anne Murray. I bought one of her albums a few years back and decided — after checking to make sure the player had not slowed to 10 r.p.m. — that her style was indeterminate. Later, I caught Annie on the tube and found her looks disarming: scrubbed face, shiny hair, squeaky teeth. Despite the niceness though, there was something about her (perhaps the impression that she would probably be dismantled and packed in an antiseptic container after the performance) that for me was profoundly forgettable.

I was only vaguely aware of her through the 1970 *Snowbird* hysteria and it came as a surprise to learn that the reedy little tune had earned her a gold record. I did hear something about her winning an American Grammy this year and also that she had enlarged her growing collection of Canadian Junos.

But looking back on 1975, I suppose three bits of news about Anne Murray interested me most. That she was made an officer in the Order of Canada (unlike the time the Beatles got their MBEs in Britain, there were no outraged caterwaulings about our Annie's inclusion in an honors list). That she had signed a million-dollar contract with Capitol Records in the U.S., changed her image and married producer Bill Langstroth. And that she seemed to be slipping as a box-office and record-store draw.

It took time to realize that these items could be linked. The first hint of a connection came when a friend mentioned that he had seen an Anne Murray billboard featuring blacked-out incisors and Vandyke facial trimmings. "The kids know," he nodded sagely. "You can't fool around with an image." Then I heard from a reliable source that attendance at Annie's Canadian National Exhibition concert this summer had been a record low. That a British Columbia tour had attracted only half-sold houses, That

her first album under the new Capitol contract was a bust. That lesbian fans were sick about her marriage. That you can't fool around with an image.

The breast-thumping about image intrigued me so much that I tuned in to Annie's October appearance on the Perry Como show. I had seen pictures of her kurlly-kate hairdo, so that was nothing new. Her clothes did look as though they might have been castoffs from Alice Cooper's wardrobe (which figures — her new manager Shep Gordon also handles Alice). But apart from these changes — other male and female vocalists ring them all the time — Anne Murray was the same Anne Murray. Older than when she scored with *Snowbird* (she's now 30), but about the same. Her looks are still disarming. Her style still wanders indeterminately from rock or country to pop.

So why the waning love affair among those who were truly hooked? Leonard Rambeau, Annie's front man in Toronto, shakes his head and discusses resentment about Annie's interest in working below the border. The problem of Canadian overexposure and the home-town syndrome. The problem of audiences



who don't understand that artists must grow and evolve. Professional music-brokers pontificate about how really smart cookies never tie the marital knot. And how public switches from jeans to plunging neckline can be murder.

I don't buy any of it. I figure Anne Murray is simply going through a classic rough patch as a performer. Hits have been maddeningly elusive and beguiling newcomers are everywhere. The difference between Annie and other vocalists who reach for the top, slide back and reach again, is that she became a national figure. It is not her fault that many of us tended to confuse her image with our own — or even with Canada's. At this stage of her career, she scarcely needs the excess baggage of so many hangups.

"However, if we are forced to blow up the pipeline..."

The patience of Judge Tom Berger is all that stands between the native peoples and the destruction of their way of life

BY HUGH McCULLUM

At 9 a.m. the judge was eating his breakfast off an oilcloth-covered table in the town's only café, grandly called the Restaurant of One Hundred Birds. A truck driver, already drunk at this hour, loomed over the table and loudly told the judge where he could shove the pipeline. Mr. Justice Thomas Rodney Berger of the Supreme Court of British Columbia took no offence, however. Instead, he sat there calmly, finished his greasy eggs, then started off for another day of hearings in the racially tense community of Fort Simpson, deep in the Northwest Territories.

That day, natives and whites were, once again, trying to come to terms with the \$10-billion natural gas pipeline the government has vowed to ram through the Mackenzie Valley, if they have to, and the natives have vowed to fight to the end, if they have to. In the near year that the hearings have been going on, the judge has grown accustomed to such passions as those expressed by the drunken truck driver. It had happened before, and it would happen again.

The judge sat at a small table in the Legion Hall, the site of the community hearings in this town of 1,200 located where the Mackenzie absorbs the Liard. He wore no robes, but his usual scuffed loafers and corduroy jacket with leather patches at the elbows. His eyes, behind steel-rimmed glasses, gave nothing away, nor did his round Scandinavian face. He sat and he listened.

Father Henri Posset, a tall Oblate priest who for 25 years has been a missionary to the Indian people of the Mackenzie, told the judge about the white "exploiters" and "bums" that his town has had to endure. Posset has been at Fort Simpson in various capacities for more than 20 years, and in a lingering, thick Belgian accent he told the all-white audience he didn't want any part of any further development that is ravaging this country, and demanded that natives have a say in what happens.

The judge — most everyone in the North calls him simply "the judge" — had heard the words of Father Posset before, only from other mouths. But again, no one would ever have known it by his expression. This was a community hearing and he allowed everyone his or her say.

One day during the hearings in Fort Simpson, the judge and Jim Antoine, the young, newly elected chief of the Fort Simpson band council of the Slavey tribe, went for a walk in the scrubby bush and just talked. Antoine, college-educated and fully committed to his people, then went back to the hearings and told the judge that he was prepared to lay down his life to stop this pipeline if it's built before his people's land claims are settled. Antoine said it quietly,



proudly and with certitude. The judge weighed the words of Antoine as heavily as the words of Father Posset, and, just as he had heard Posset's words before, so too had he heard sympathies similar to those of Chief Antoine. At Fort Good Hope near Great Bear Lake, the young chief Frank T'Selie had said he too would die to stop the pipeline. Berger has been told many times that a lot of native people, young and old, feel this way.

There's an enormous amount of talk at these unique community hearings. The people are getting rid of their frustrations, resentments and fears about the future; and they take the opportunity to get back some for past injuries and broken promises by the white man. Berger's patience is awesome, it never seems to wear thin although he hears the same things over and over.

These hearings are quite unlike the formal ones held at the posh Explorer Hotel in Yellowknife. There you see a different Tom Berger, a precise man who conducts the inquiry into the pipeline's engineering, environmental and social problems with strict rules of procedure. As he listens to the high-priced legal talent, the costly consultants and gas company experts who fly in to Yellowknife for a daily fee plus expenses, wearing their tinted glasses and tailored "northern" clothes, he gets tougher. He suffers fools impatiently and even the most objective observer notices the difference between the two types of hearings. There is a similarity, though; at the formal hearings, the judge also sits calmly, his stoical features betraying little of what he will tell Indian Affairs Minister Judd Buchanan and Parliament when he submits his report sometime next fall. There is no hint of what he is planning — he grants no interviews — but it is clear that out in tiny Indian settlements he is absorbing the outpourings of the people. He has their respect and

trust and they are telling him things most Canadians have not heard before. It cannot help but have its effect.

In Old Crow, the tiniest, most remote Indian village in Canada, off in a corner of the Yukon, a village that may find its hunting and trapping on the Crow Flats wrecked by the pipeline, more than 80 men, women and children told Berger how they wanted him to save them. That was virtually every resident of Old Crow and he listened to every one of them and the translations from the Loucheux language.

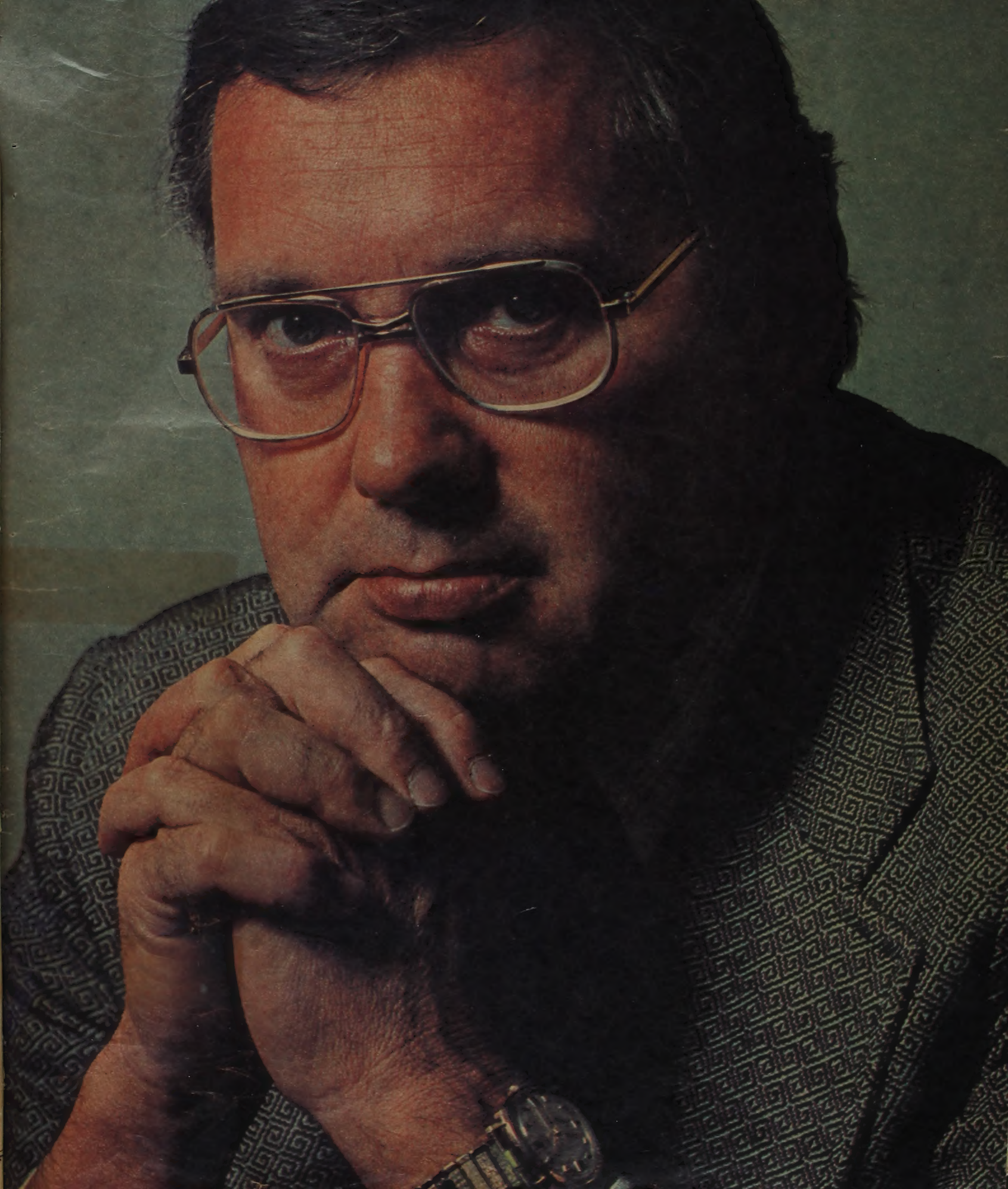
The Northwest Territories' 1,304,903 square miles make up what must be one of the most overwhelmingly empty sections of land in the world. In 450,000 square miles stretching east from the Mackenzie, 16,000 Indians and Métis live in tiny communities scattered through the vastness of bush and streams, lakes and tundra. To a man, woman and child, they see the judge as their saviour.

The beautiful girls with their sleek, black hair stare shyly down at their Adidas; the young men wearing buckskins hang around a little defiantly, waiting; the old people, who spend much of their time in the bush and have never seen so many strangers, come to talk to this man who has become a kind of folk hero. They want to stand near him, as though they will in that way be reassured that he will indeed save them.

All are terribly shy. So the judge waits until they are ready. The hearings often go on until 2 a.m., the visiting press stifling yawns and quietly groaning as yet another witness shuffles forward. The judge, however, does not yawn. Judge Berger has something the people of the North recognize — integrity. They see him as decent, honest and fair, and he listens. This man, they feel, will not betray them, will stop the pipeline and save them and save their children.

But Berger knows he can't stop the pipeline even if he wanted to, and when he brings in his final report it has to be written with the knowledge that the federal Cabinet and the National Energy Board will have the final say. And he knows, as undoubtedly does Ottawa, that there aren't many votes in the Northwest Territories.

It's becoming clearer all the time, though, that the process involved in this one-man inquiry is almost as important as the final report. The inquiry has somehow captured the imagination of the populous South, where there are many votes. It would be difficult now to turn back the process unleashed. Ottawa no longer asks "What does it matter what report Berger will make?" It realizes that much of the work he is doing in the North is filtering through to the rest of Canada.



Almost daily, the Berger inquiry is providing evidence that the construction of a Mackenzie Valley natural gas pipeline is no longer the cut-and-dried affair that the Cabinet thought it was on March 21, 1974 when the inquiry was formally established by an order-in-council on the recommendation of Judd Buchanan's predecessor, Jean Chrétien (now president of the Treasury Board). The order-in-council commanded Berger to "consider the social, environmental and economic impact regionally of the construction, operation and subsequent abandonment of the proposed pipeline in the Yukon and Northwest Territories." He is also to report on the measures that Canadian Arctic Gas Pipelines and Foothills Pipelines, the two groups fighting for the chance to build the line, propose to deal with the impact it will have on the people and ecology if a right-of-way is granted by Ottawa.

Nowhere in any of Berger's terms of reference is he required to determine if a pipeline should be built. That decision will be made in Ottawa, several thousand miles away from Fort Simpson and Old Crow and Fort Franklin. It will be made by bureaucrats and cabinet ministers and oil companies. It will not be made by Bertha Allen or Lazarus Sittichinli or Susie Husky or Louis Norwegian. Any impact their words have will come through Berger.

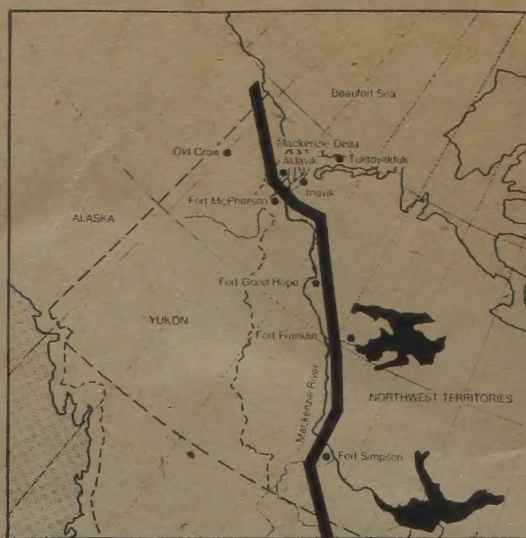
Likely, the decision to put the pipeline through — and it appears now that the decision will be to go ahead — will be made in secret with little input from the people most affected other than what support they can muster through Berger's inquiry. The decision will be made for whatever Ottawa determines to be the "greater good," and the people of the North will have to live with it, as they have had to live with all the other decisions about their lives made by the 15,000 or so mostly white bureaucrats who make up the Department of Indian Affairs and Northern Development (DINA), which somehow runs the Yukon and Northwest Territories from Centennial Towers in downtown Ottawa.

When Mr. Justice Thomas Berger of the Supreme Court of British Columbia, former MP, former MLA, former leader of the NDP in B.C. and noted native affairs lawyer, accepted the call to be a one-man commissioner, his first action was to go north with his wife Beverley to visit communities up and down the Mackenzie River and over the mountains to the Yukon, just to meet the people whose lives he was going to inquire into. It was a 10,000-mile trip by helicopter, canoe, jet, and bush plane, and took them to Tuktoyaktuk, Aklavik, Fort McPherson and almost all the 27 settlements to be affected in some way by the proposed pipeline. Then, and only then, was Berger ready to open the hearings at Yellowknife early in March of this year. He had a \$1-million budget from DINA, a small staff, and some familiarity with the situation. By then he felt he was beginning to know the people.

And he brought to his job the wealth of knowledge accumulated when he conducted the three-year battle on behalf of the Nishga Indians of northwest B.C. He took that case to the Supreme Court of Canada where a split decision gained the Nishga the moral victory they sought, which asserted that the philosophy of aboriginal rights was a valid one. That's why people are paying so much attention now to the Berger inquiry.

Over in Old Crow, Martha John Charlie, a very old Loucheux lady, told the judge about the muskrat hunting on her beloved Crow Flats. The people of Old Crow invited the judge to go and see for himself, so earlier this year he did just that.

"If your nation becomes so violent that it would tear up our land..."



"God made this land, Mr. Berger," Martha said, "and now we who are old don't understand what white men are doing to it and who all the strangers are. We used to know all about the animals, the caribou and the muskrats, and now the animals act funny. Different, I think. This is why I'm against the pipeline. I'm thinking of our grandchildren. I want to know if the caribou will ever cross the pipeline, or if they'll go away and never come back. I want caribou for my grandchildren and great-grandchildren."

The preparations by some of the witnesses for Canadian Arctic Gas Pipelines — a consortium of 27 companies, largely foreign in ownership — gives little comfort. Despite a research budget of nearly \$100 million Arctic Gas has, time and again, been forced to alter, delay or even acknowledge it doesn't have the answers to major environmental questions. Witness after witness testified that economic considerations were the prime factors in choosing routes, selecting construction methods and even design. Social or environmental factors were always secondary. In its opening remarks to Judge Berger, Arctic Gas agreed that there would be adverse environmental and social impacts, but its reasoning was that whatever ill effects were suffered, the over-all economic benefits would more than offset the massive changes in people's lives.

What the Arctic Gas experts failed to realize is precisely what much of white industrial society also fails to realize about the native people, and that is that economic considerations are not their prime concern. It is their emphasis on land and not money that is the basis for the natives' battle to have their land claims settled in a non-monetary way.

Naturally, at this point it is impossible to guess what Berger's final report will say. Certain things, however, are becoming clear as the evidence pours in. And one of the things that becomes clearest is that the pipeline is probably more important to the United States than it is to Canada, and that the need for a Mackenzie Valley pipeline has never been demonstrated as being in the national good, although it undoubtedly will benefit the balance sheets of many multinational energy companies. Another point that emerges is the need for a

pipeline authority, perhaps similar to the St. Lawrence Seaway Authority, to see that it operates within certain parameters. It also seems clear to all but the most myopic of colonial mentalities that native land claims must be settled before the first bulldozer blade slices into the delicate tundra.

Many of these points have already been anticipated by the Ottawa mandarins responsible for building a Mackenzie Valley pipeline. There is evidence in secret-government documents, involving cross-departmental committees of the environment and Indian Affairs, that some such pipeline authority is well on its way to being developed, with very little or no native involvement. This authority would be a kind of super-government over the "corridor" down which the pipeline would run. Its powers would be enormous and the lack of native or northern involvement would leave its credibility seriously in question. Obviously, Berger would have to rule that any such authority have meaningful northern representation.

Berger has already been asked to rule on native land claims by the Indian Brotherhood of the N.W.T. before the hearing is completed. But he has made it clear there will be no such interim report. We can only look at what has so far developed in the inquiries, and somehow hope to get a feeling for what Berger will have to say.

As a full-fledged Berger-watcher at the hearings and through the daily transcripts that pour from the court reporters' machines, I find a consistency running through the evidence that can only be described in Berger's own words: "We are embarked on a consideration of the future of a great river valley and its people. My inquiry is a study whose magnitude is without precedent in this country," he has said. "I have been guided by the conviction that this inquiry must be fair and it must be complete. We have to do it right."

Many people, especially a certain kind of southerner (in northerner's terminology, that's anyone south of the 60th parallel) view the North as a place to come, make some quick money, then get back to "civilization." Others, those of us born and raised here, may leave, but never forget. Still others stay, hooked on this enormous, beautifully harsh and lovely land. They care for its future and the future of its shy and gentle first people.

I'm one of those — raised in the Yukon — who returned to observe and got hooked all over again. You start to care strongly, and each time the people share their fears and frustrations with you, you can't help but care especially for what is to become of their future. They want to survive, to preserve something for their children long after the drillers and construction crews and developers have gone home and the resources are depleted. The northerner hopes that Canadians will see the North as a land worth preserving, worth developing slowly and carefully, a land for people and not just for economic gain.

Even 10 years ago, despite John Diefenbaker's Vision of the North, the Yukon and the N.W.T. were simply remote frontiers to most people. Native aspirations were unknown; the South couldn't have cared less. Then came the exploration crews in the Beaufort Sea, the Mackenzie Delta and the Arctic Islands, and with the sudden arrival of the energy "crisis," oil and natural gas that earlier we'd almost been trying to give away became our most coveted possessions. The North suddenly became important. Nothing should stop its development. And though the Yukon and N.W.T. comprise more than a third of

Almost daily, the Berger inquiry is providing evidence that the construction of a Mackenzie Valley natural gas pipeline is no longer the cut-and-dried affair that the Cabinet thought it was on March 21, 1974 when the inquiry was formally established by an order-in-council on the recommendation of Judd Buchanan's predecessor, Jean Chrétien (now president of the Treasury Board). The order-in-council commanded Berger to "consider the social, environmental and economic impact regionally of the construction, operation and subsequent abandonment of the proposed pipeline in the Yukon and Northwest Territories." He is also to report on the measures that Canadian Arctic Gas Pipelines and Foothills Pipelines, the two groups fighting for the chance to build the line, propose to deal with the impact it will have on the people and ecology if a right-of-way is granted by Ottawa.

Nowhere in any of Berger's terms of reference is he required to determine if a pipeline should be built. That decision will be made in Ottawa, several thousand miles away from Fort Simpson and Old Crow and Fort Franklin. It will be made by bureaucrats and cabinet ministers and oil companies. It will not be made by Bertha Allen or Lazarus Sittichinli or Susie Husky or Louis Norwegian. Any impact their words have will come through Berger.

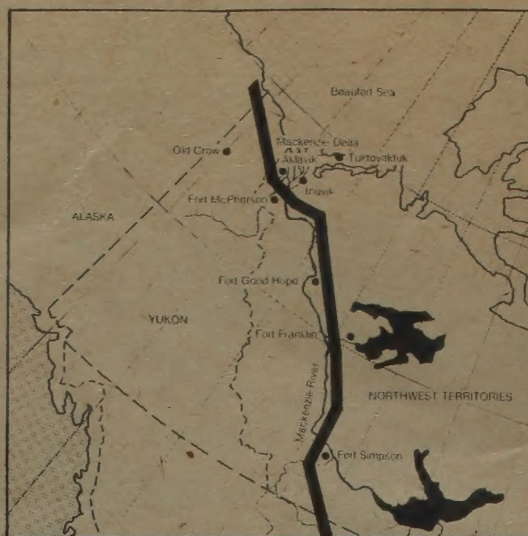
Likely, the decision to put the pipeline through — and it appears now that the decision will be to go ahead — will be made in secret with little input from the people most affected other than what support they can muster through Berger's inquiry. The decision will be made for whatever Ottawa determines to be the "greater good," and the people of the North will have to live with it, as they have had to live with all the other decisions about their lives made by the 15,000 or so mostly white bureaucrats who make up the Department of Indian Affairs and Northern Development (DINA), which somehow runs the Yukon and Northwest Territories from Centennial Towers in downtown Ottawa.

When Mr. Justice Thomas Berger of the Supreme Court of British Columbia, former MP, former MLA, former leader of the NDP in B.C. and noted native affairs lawyer, accepted the call to be a one-man commissioner, his first action was to go north with his wife Beverley to visit communities up and down the Mackenzie River and over the mountains to the Yukon, just to meet the people whose lives he was going to inquire into. It was a 10,000-mile trip by helicopter, canoe, jet, and bush plane, and took them to Tuktoyaktuk, Aklavik, Fort McPherson and almost all the 27 settlements to be affected in some way by the proposed pipeline. Then, and only then, was Berger ready to open the hearings at Yellowknife early in March of this year. He had a \$1-million budget from DINA, a small staff, and some familiarity with the situation. By then he felt he was beginning to know the people.

And he brought to his job the wealth of knowledge accumulated when he conducted the three-year battle on behalf of the Nishga Indians of northwest B.C. He took that case to the Supreme Court of Canada where a split decision gained the Nishga the moral victory they sought, which asserted that the philosophy of aboriginal rights was a valid one. That's why people are paying so much attention now to the Berger inquiry.

Over in Old Crow, Martha John Charlie, a very old Loucheux lady, told the judge about the muskrat hunting on her beloved Crow Flats. The people of Old Crow invited the judge to go and see for himself, so earlier this year he did just that.

"If your nation becomes so violent that it would tear up our land..."



"God made this land, Mr. Berger," Martha said, "and now we who are old don't understand what white men are doing to it and who all the strangers are. We used to know all about the animals, the caribou and the muskrats, and now the animals act funny. Different, I think. This is why I'm against the pipeline. I'm thinking of our grandchildren. I want to know if the caribou will ever cross the pipeline, or if they'll go away and never come back. I want caribou for my grandchildren and great-grandchildren."

The preparations by some of the witnesses for Canadian Arctic Gas Pipelines — a consortium of 27 companies, largely foreign in ownership — gives little comfort. Despite a research budget of nearly \$100 million Arctic Gas has, time and again, been forced to alter, delay or even acknowledge it doesn't have the answers to major environmental questions. Witness after witness testified that economic considerations were the prime factors in choosing routes, selecting construction methods and even design. Social or environmental factors were always secondary. In its opening remarks to Judge Berger, Arctic Gas agreed that there would be adverse environmental and social impacts, but its reasoning was that whatever ill effects were suffered, the over-all economic benefits would more than offset the massive changes in people's lives.

What the Arctic Gas experts failed to realize is precisely what much of white industrial society also fails to realize about the native people, and that is that economic considerations are not their prime concern. It is their emphasis on land and not money that is the basis for the natives' battle to have their land claims settled in a non-monetary way.

Naturally, at this point it is impossible to guess what Berger's final report will say. Certain things, however, are becoming clear as the evidence pours in. And one of the things that becomes clearest is that the pipeline is probably more important to the United States than it is to Canada, and that the need for a Mackenzie Valley pipeline has never been demonstrated as being in the national good, although it undoubtedly will benefit the balance sheets of many multinational energy companies. Another point that emerges is the need for a

pipeline authority, perhaps similar to the St. Lawrence Seaway Authority, to see that it operates within certain parameters. It also seems clear to all but the most myopic of colonial mentalities that native land claims must be settled before the first bulldozer blade slices into the delicate tundra.

Many of these points have already been anticipated by the Ottawa mandarins responsible for building a Mackenzie Valley pipeline. There is evidence in secret-government documents, involving cross-departmental committees of the environment and Indian Affairs, that some such pipeline authority is well on its way to being developed, with very little or no native involvement. This authority would be a kind of super-government over the "corridor" down which the pipeline would run. Its powers would be enormous and the lack of native or northern involvement would leave its credibility seriously in question. Obviously, Berger would have to rule that any such authority have meaningful northern representation.

Berger has already been asked to rule on native land claims by the Indian Brotherhood of the N.W.T. before the hearing is completed. But he has made it clear there will be no such interim report. We can only look at what has so far developed in the inquiries, and somehow hope to get a feeling for what Berger will have to say.

As a full-fledged Berger-watcher at the hearings and through the daily transcripts that pour from the court reporters' machines, I find a consistency running through the evidence that can only be described in Berger's own words: "We are embarked on a consideration of the future of a great river valley and its people. My inquiry is a study whose magnitude is without precedent in this country," he has said. "I have been guided by the conviction that this inquiry must be fair and it must be complete. We have to do it right."

Many people, especially a certain kind of southerner (in northerner's terminology, that's anyone south of the 60th parallel) view the North as a place to come, make some quick money, then get back to "civilization." Others, those of us born and raised here, may leave, but never forget. Still others stay, hooked on this enormous, beautifully harsh and lovely land. They care for its future and the future of its shy and gentle first people.

I'm one of those — raised in the Yukon — who returned to observe and got hooked all over again. You start to care strongly, and each time the people share their fears and frustrations with you, you can't help but care especially for what is to become of their future. They want to survive, to preserve something for their children long after the drillers and construction crews and developers have gone home and the resources are depleted. The northerner hopes that Canadians will see the North as a land worth preserving, worth developing slowly and carefully, a land for people and not just for economic gain.

Even 10 years ago, despite John Diefenbaker's Vision of the North, the Yukon and the N.W.T. were simply remote frontiers to most people. Native aspirations were unknown; the South couldn't have cared less. Then came the exploration crews in the Beaufort Sea, the Mackenzie Delta and the Arctic Islands, and with the sudden arrival of the energy "crisis," oil and natural gas that earlier we'd almost been trying to give away became our most coveted possessions. The North suddenly became important. Nothing should stop its development. And though the Yukon and N.W.T. comprise more than a third of

Canada's land mass, they have only modest self-government; the real power — finance and administration — lies with Ottawa and all natural resources are owned by the federal government. They are colonies in every sense except that they aren't located in Africa.

Three or four years ago, however, the native people organized and formed the Indian Brotherhood of the N.W.T. which promptly laid claim, along with the Métis, to 450,000 square miles of the Mackenzie Valley, insisting it was theirs by virtue of occupation and use since "time immemorial." They even took the federal government to court over these aboriginal rights and won a legal battle that placed a caveat (prior interest of claim) on all this land, which makes it very difficult for pipeline construction to start until legal title to the land is cleared up. In November, the Appeal Court of the N.W.T. ruled in favor of the federal government, in effect overturning the caveat. The Brotherhood immediately announced it would appeal this decision to the Supreme Court of Canada. The decision did not affect the concept of aboriginal title.

The Indians and Métis in the Mackenzie aren't interested in anything like the treaties that have almost destroyed native people elsewhere in Canada, catching them in the treadmill of welfare and paternalism from Indian Affairs. Rather, the northern natives want title to their land formalized by Parliament. They want to deal directly with the oil and mining companies. And to give them power to deal in this manner, they want to form their own local and regional government. Because they are in a majority, outnumbering whites 16,000 to 10,000, they feel they have a right to self-determination.

This summer 300 Indian and Métis sat down in a general assembly at Fort Simpson a few months before Berger arrived and declared themselves to be a *Dene* Nation. *Dene*, a word that means "people," is common to the four major dialects of the N.W.T. They made it clear that "nation" was an Indian term that translated best into English their concept of a way of life. It has no separatist connotations because the manifesto outlining their position states clearly that they want always to be seen as a part of Canada even if originally they were never asked if they wanted to join Confederation. Even so, the white community has been in fits. The submissive natives are gone and whites, in a growing backlash that has strong racist overtones, find their long-time position of privilege and control in the North under fire.

Indian Affairs Minister Buchanan, whose expertise most northerners charge has been gained on a few quick trips, has fanned the flames of discord by misrepresenting the *Dene* Nation as a separatist concept. When it was first announced, Buchanan's public reaction was that "the government of Canada can no more allow a separatist state in the North than it can in Quebec. Our position is clear."

Native people across Canada have publicly called on the Prime Minister to replace Buchanan with a person more sensitive to native people, especially those in the North. Chief Alexis Arrowmaker of the Dogrib Tribe in the N.W.T., one of the oldest and strongest of the northern band leaders, told the press in his native tongue after Buchanan's last trip north that "he doesn't even try to understand us or to talk fairly. He knows we are Canadians but he says we are like Quebec. Mr. Chrétien was our friend, he understood

us. Mr. Buchanan should quit or get out."

Whites charge that the *Dene* manifesto is left-wing rhetoric prepared by white consultants, but as one of only two white journalists who sat through the long, careful debates in four languages at Fort Simpson, I have no doubt this position was carefully worked out by the native people. It was a moving attempt by their leaders to state a position that would preserve their culture in the face of white, industrial society before the developments in the North are undertaken.

"We can't survive if our land is taken away from us," the Brotherhood and Métis association told the judge in their opening remarks to his inquiry last March. "It is our Mother, our life, and we have to preserve it for our children. If our claims are settled. If the federal government will negotiate with us. If the talks are honest and open, then perhaps a pipeline could be built, although it's not the same priority to us as it is to the whites. But we want *our* land for *our* use. We don't want to be paid off with a modern version of 'beads and blankets' treaties. Our slogan is 'land, not money.'"

The question that remains to be answered, and which has such a direct bearing on the natives' position, is one that Berger and the National Energy Board must try to come to grips with. How badly is this pipeline needed and for whose use is it? The Energy Board hearings opened in Ottawa in November amid a welter of charges that the need for a pipeline has already been established by the Cabinet and the real question is: who will build it? According to the Canadian Arctic Resources Committee, a public interest group that studies the North and the activities of Indian Affairs with a gimlet eye, there are insufficient

Free Snow White Stickers in Nestlé Quik



Inside specially marked tins of Nestlé Quik you'll find a sticker of one of the Seven Dwarfs, Snow White, the Prince or the Wicked Queen.

They're stick-on style, and easy to remove.

There's also an offer for a Walt Disney's Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs story book and 7 inch LP record.

Your kids will love it—it's educational—they can listen as they read it.

You just send a proof of purchase from the side of a Nestlé Quik tin, along with \$1.25, to Nestlé Quik Book & Record Offer, Box 509, Etobicoke, Ontario M9C 4V5.



See Walt Disney's "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs", at a Famous Players theatre near you.

Nestlé
REG'D TRADE MARK

reserves of natural gas in the Mackenzie Delta to warrant an economically justified pipeline. So why then the rush to build?

Arctic Gas' proposal is economically feasible only if it "piggybacks" Alaska gas to U.S. markets. The Foothills proposal — from a Calgary-based, Canadian-owned group — is based on the hope that more gas will be found in the Delta and Beaufort Sea areas, and a smaller pipeline would be economically feasible to serve only the Canadian markets. However, the resources committee and the native groups charge that the real reason is that Cabinet and the Energy Board, a regulatory agency of the federal government, as long as five years ago decided a pipeline had to be built and that both the Berger inquiry and the present Energy Board hearings are a cosmetic move to justify a decision already taken as a result of pressure from giant, multinational petroleum companies.

The Arctic Resources Committee claims this is why Indian Affairs has consistently tried to undercut the terms of the Berger commission, first when Acting Prime Minister Mitchell Sharp refused to commit the government to holding off a public decision on pipeline construction until Berger's report was received, and secondly by reducing the funding of native and public interest groups participating in the Berger inquiry.

Prime Minister Trudeau more than a year ago publicly approved the principle of a Mackenzie Valley pipeline, so has Finance Minister Donald MacDonald, so have the oil companies. Unfortunately, the exact state of our fuel needs and reserves is so confusing that proper planning is almost impossible to achieve

with any degree of objectivity. It was only four years ago that then-Energy Minister Joe Greene was telling Canadians that we had a 392-year supply of gas reserves according to NEB and industry forecasts and that we had better expand our export markets before this fuel became obsolete. Ironically, just as public opinion is being roused against the instant development of frontier areas the public is also being told that 392 years of reserves have melted away, and that the Mackenzie Valley pipeline is urgent. John Helliwell, respected University of British Columbia economist, claims that independent research he conducted in 1973 indicates that non-frontier supplies of gas, notably in Alberta and Saskatchewan, can fill Canadian needs until the late 1980s.

Philip Blake, of Fort McPherson, is a 34-year-old Loucheux who is a social worker in his community of 750. When the tall, slim Indian spoke to the judge — who was seated directly under a basketball hoop in the school gym — he sounded a note of finality, and for 17 chilling minutes his calm eyes never left the judge who sat, chin in hands, and listened, only listened.

"Mr. Berger, I am not an old man but I have seen many changes in my life. Fifteen years ago most of what you see in Fort McPherson today did not exist. Take a look around the community now, and you will get an idea of what has happened to the Indian people here over the past few years.

"Mr. Berger, do you think this is the way the Indian people would have chosen to live if we had any choice in the planning? Do you think we would have divided the community and given ourselves worse housing

than the transient whites? Take a look at the school here. Try to find something, anything, that makes it a place where Indian values and tradition are respected. It could be a school in the suburbs of Edmonton or Vancouver or Toronto.

"Mr. Berger, look at us and can you really believe that we would choose to live this way? Can you really believe that we have chosen to have high rates of suicide and social breakdown? Do you think we would have chosen to become beggars in our own homeland?

"Mr. Berger, we have never tried to conquer new frontiers or outdo our parents or make sure that every year we are richer than the year before. We have been satisfied to see our wealth as ourselves and the land we live with. It is our greatest wish to pass this land on to our grandchildren in the same condition we got it from our fathers.

"But Judge Berger, if your nation chooses to continue to try and destroy our nation, then I hope you will understand why we are willing to fight so that our nation can survive. It is our world. We do not wish to push our world on to you, but we are willing to defend it for ourselves, our children and our grandchildren. If your nation becomes so violent that it would tear up our land, destroy our society and occupy our homeland, by trying to impose this pipeline against our will, then of course, we will have no choice but to react with violence.

"I hope we do not have to do that for it is not the way we would choose. However, if we are forced to blow up the pipeline, I hope you will not look only on the violence of the Indian action, but also on the violence of your own nation, which would force us to take such a course."

What emerges from all the talk is that there is this fundamental and threatening difference between our view and the native view. Ownership, competition, ambition, individuality are absent from native origins. The concept of individual ownership of land is alien to the Indian way. Instead, land is to be used, to be cared for, to live on, to commune with, to harvest but not to own except in a broad, communal sense. The land, the native says, is for all, to be passed on to other generations. The white man says the land is for profit.

With luck, the result will be the way Charlie Furlong of Aklavik saw it when he spoke before the judge: "I would like to speak to you today on behalf of my people. We are not ready for land development. By my people I mean the Indians, the Eskimos and the Métis. The oil companies want to build a pipeline through our land. They want to take our gas and our oil. We will not even be able to use that gas in our own homes. It will go past our communities to heat southern Canada and our big brother, the United States of America."

"Native people will not be considered qualified for decent jobs during the construction period. White men will come from the South to build the pipeline; and again white men will come into our communities and take our daughters away and our wives, even our mothers and our children will be left homeless."

"I would like to see a settlement, Mr. Berger, a land settlement between the government and us, a land settlement where the native people will control their land and their development. You know, Mr. Berger, we are not against a pipeline or any other development. We don't want our brothers in the South to be cold, but we want to control what the pipeline does. Up here we look at movies and in every movie the Indians always lose the war. I want to ask the government and I want to ask the southern people to let us win this one."



Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked — avoid inhaling.
Av. per cigarette: Cameo: 19 mg "tar", 1.3 mg nicotine.

University of Alberta Library



0 1620 0335 6878